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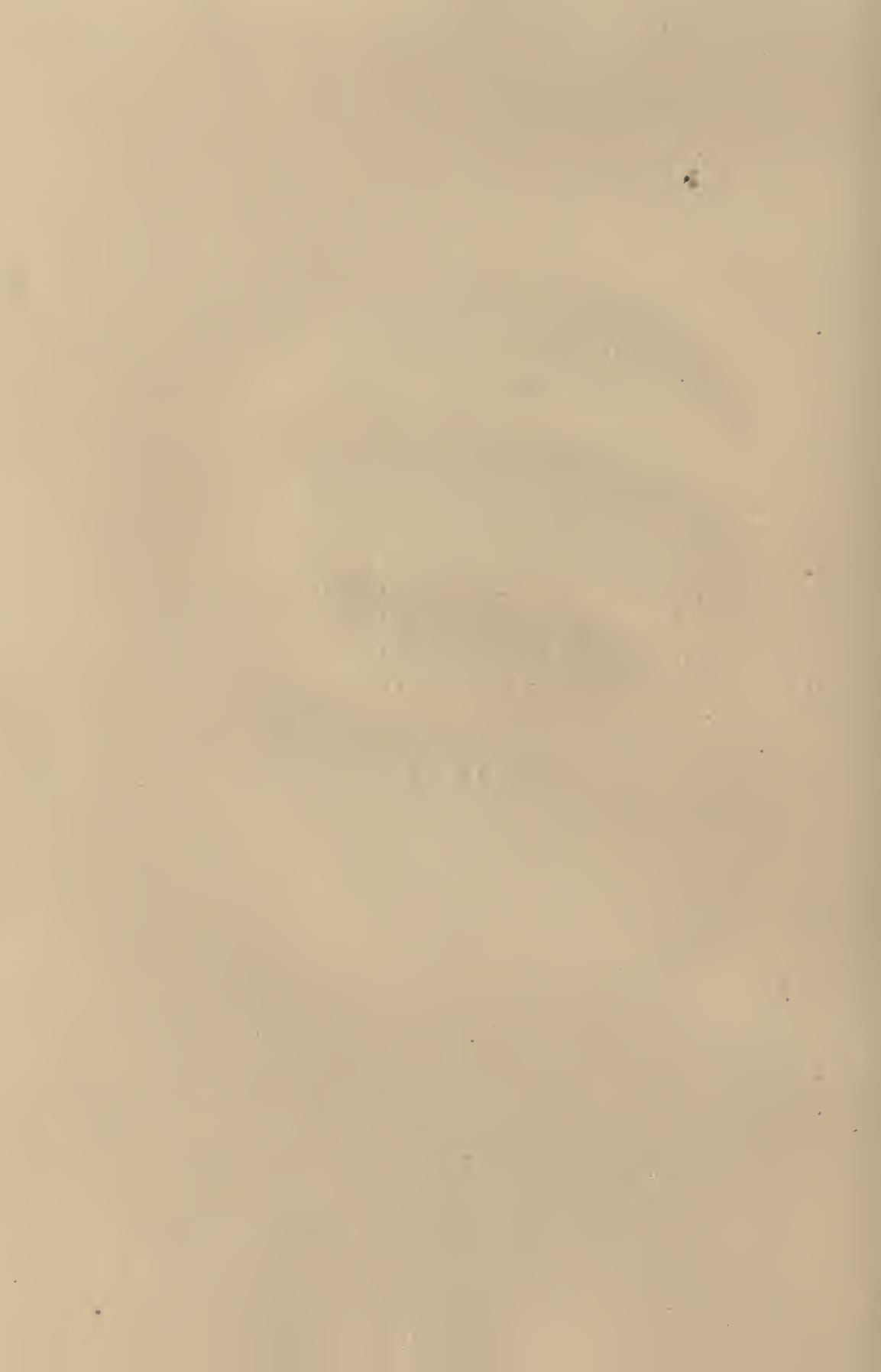
Victor Bates Van de Weyer.







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VERTUES DUE.

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## INTRODUCTION

TO

# POWELL'S VERTUES DUE.

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**T**HE present Tract is printed from an unique and hitherto unknown one. The author was probably the same Thomas Powell who has verses before Foorde's (or Ford's) "Fame's Memoriall, or the Earl of Devonshire deceased; with his honourable Life, peacefull End, and solemne Funerall." 4to. Lond. 1606; and who wrote also the following works:—

Love's Leprosie, 1598.

The Passionate Poet: with a Description of the 'Thracian Ismarus,  
1601.

A Welch Bayte to spare Provender, 1603.

Direction for Search of Records, 1622.

The Mysterie of Lending and Borrowing, 1623.

The Attourneys Academy, 1623.

The Attornies Almanacke, 1627.

The Repertorie of Records, 1631.

Tom of all Trades, or the Plaine Path-Way to Preferment, 1631.

Mr. F. J. Furnivall, in reprinting the last tract among the *Publications of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1876, thus speaks of the author. "Our third tract is by a reverencer of Bacon in his distrefs, a rollicking attorney and Welshman, Thomas Powell, who seems to have begun writing very

bad serious poetry in 1598 and 1601, and then turned to chaffing prose,—still interspersed with scraps of bad verse,—and divers professional hand-books, till he ended his career of authorship in 1631 with his *Tom of all Trades*, here reprinted. There may have been two Thomas Powells. But as the one of 1603—1631 had both a serious and humorous style in his prose, and in his verse in his prose-books, I see no sufficient reason for supposing that he is not the serious-style verse-writer of 1598—1601.”

Our tract, *Vertues Due*, fully bears out the above character given of some of his other works by Mr. Furnivall; for, like his first productions which appeared in 1598 and 1601, this is not only “very bad serious poetry”, but it has a greater fault, that of being in some places unintelligible. Attempting to soar, obscurity immediately envelopes him, and to make matters worse, not content with using the hardest words for the simplest subjects, he presses into his service other words and expressions not elsewhere to be met with in any work, ancient or modern.

His peculiar temperament seems to render him incapable of telling a plain story in a natural manner; and, while striving to elevate the veriest common-places into poetical dignity, he makes doubtful what he should explain, and by his awkward verbiage and circumlocution succeeds, not in impressing his readers with a respect for his poetical powers, but, with the grave complacency of a Malvolio, in making himself a laughing-stock by his affectations and absurdities.

Yet sufficient reasons we think may be shown for the present reprint, independent of its rarity; inasmuch as it not only deals with a courtly personage, whose memory has for nearly three centuries been surrounded by a sort of sentimental halo, but as it is the hitherto unknown production of a man whose other labours with the pen have earned for him a certain degree of notoriety—while, more than all, its remarkable phraseology entitles it to rank among the minor “Curiosities of Literature.”

The Lady herein commemorated was the daughter of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, and first wife of Charles second Baron Howard of Effingham, created Earl of Nottingham, 22 Oct. 1596. He was the

celebrated Lord High Admiral, who assisted in defeating the Spanish Armada in 1588, and who died 14 Dec. 1624. His wife predeceased him many years, dying at Arundel House, in London, 25 Feb. 1602-3, only a month before Queen Elizabeth, whose last days she is said (but on very doubtful authority) to have embittered by her treacherous conduct in not transmitting to her sovereign the Earl of Essex's ring, the delivery of which might have been the means of preserving the life of that rash but still-loved favourite. She survived Essex exactly two years to a day, he having been executed 25 Feb. 1600-1.

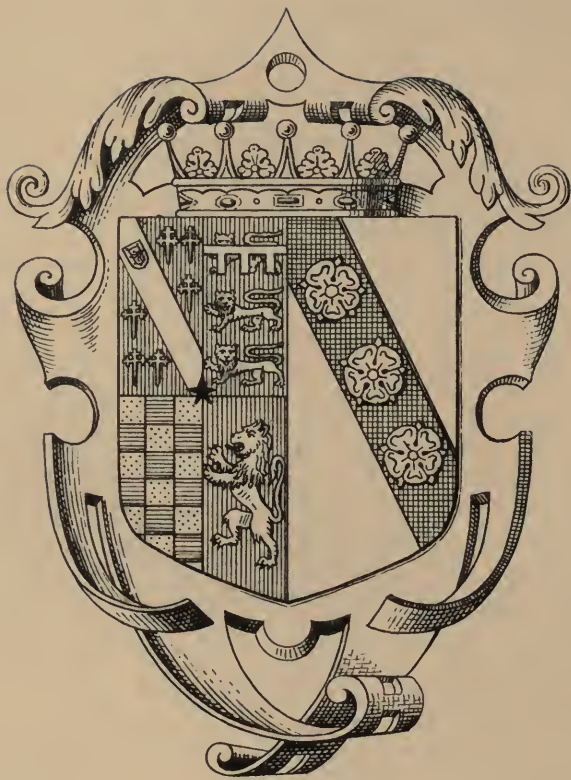
She left five children, the third of whom—the eldest daughter—married Sir Robert Southwell, of Woodrising, Norfolk, who served under his father-in-law against the Spaniards. The portraits of both these naval worthies, it may be mentioned, are given in Pine's engravings from the old tapestry which was preserved in the House of Lords till its destruction by the great fire in 1835. Her own portrait and that of her husband appear in the large painting by Mark Garrard (the property of G. Digby Wingfield Digby, Esq.) in which Queen Elizabeth is represented as carried in state to Hunston House, 18 Sept. 1571. And another full-length portrait of the Earl of Nottingham, painted by Zuccherò, is in the Naval Gallery of Greenwich Hospital.











# Vertues due:

*Or,*

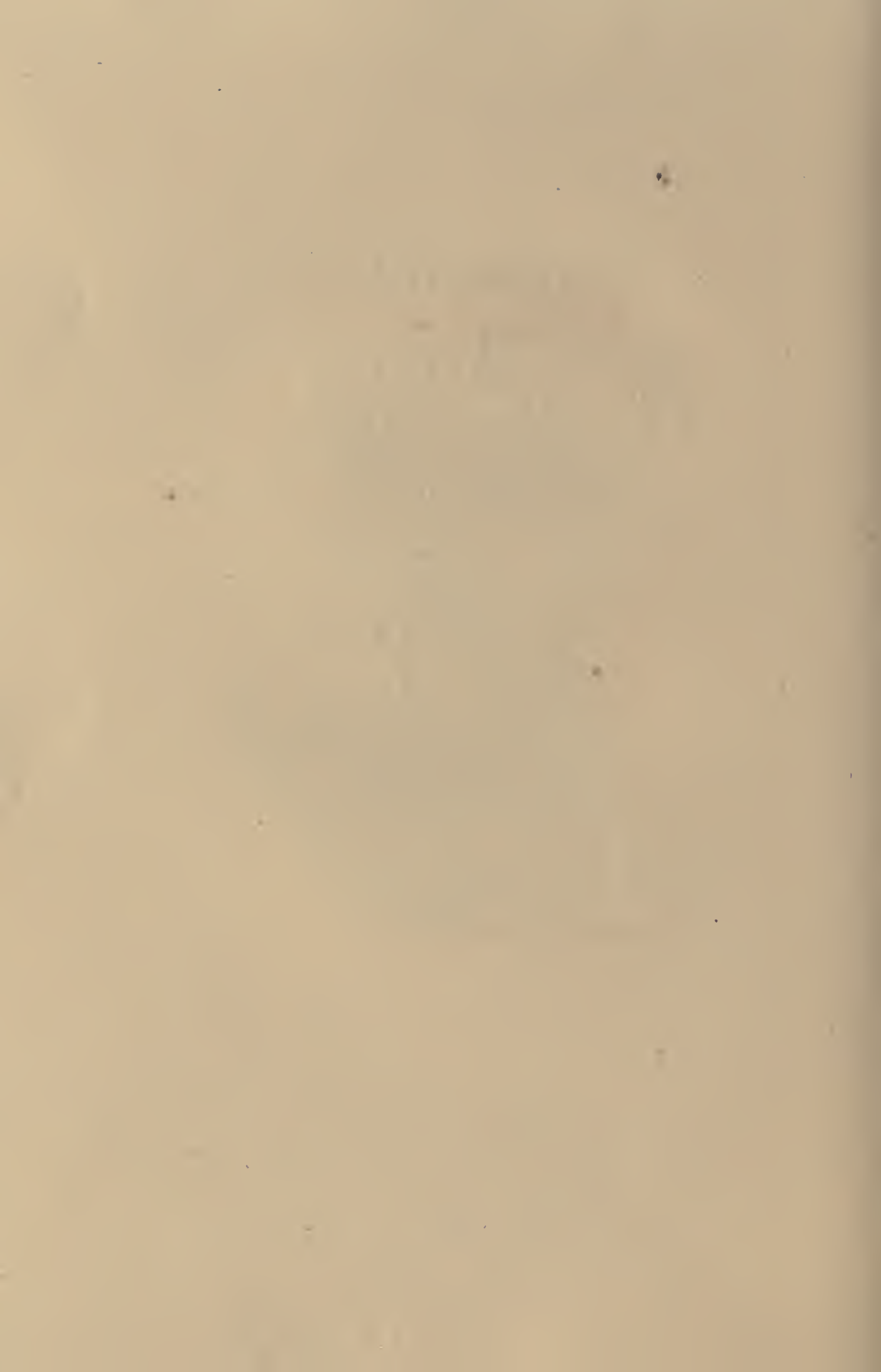
A true modell of the life  
*of the right Honourable Ka-*  
tharine Howard, late Countesse  
*of Nottingham, de-*  
ceased.

*By T. P. Gentleman,*



Printed at London by Simon Stafford,  
dwelling in Hosier lane, neere  
*Smith-field. 1603.*







To the right Honorable,  
Charles Howard, Earle of Nottingham,  
Baron of Effingham, Lord high  
Admirall of England, of her Maiesties  
molt Honorable priue Counsayle, and  
of the Noble Order of the  
Garter, &c.



Ight Noble Lord, my resolute was  
advised, to make immoration upon  
the nicest circumstances of your pre-  
sent hauiour, in plentifull and hono-  
rable sorrow, whose animall motion might bee  
admon'd to the violence hereof: This gaue  
leau to the greater obseruance which wee owe to  
the deceased, (that is) in protection and contesta-  
tion: Besides that warrant of the antientique &  
Censoriall rites, whose example I haue here quo-  
ted for most Honorable Heraldrie, in disposing  
her funerall torch by due reference, into your  
suruiuing hand; neither infeebling the courtesie

The Epistle Dedicatory.

*of the living. nor promising mine owne advantage upon your Noble and innated goodnesse, neither to aduante, & reficcate molestias, but in mine owne affectation to be conformed with that Romane solemnity of dedication,*

*And as she was, I write for president,  
More of succession, than griefs argument.*

Your Honours,

in all the nerues  
of my ability,

Thomas Powell.

## To the Reader.



O prepare ye to what is writ,  
I know, my smoothest compo-  
sure would be too boysterous,  
vpon the rigall nakednesse of  
your impatience. A long pre-  
face were a sicke fether vpon  
your winged *Mercury*. And  
yet, to expose me to vniinstructed censure, whose  
prooffe is too much in seuerity, I should release  
the bond of our recōciliation, & seeme to suspect  
approbation, to be more of fortunes almes, than  
our owne deseruing. I imply to your freer spirits,  
all customary requisites, and to my selfe reserue  
this onely *chiter* of opinion: That I write more  
of duty to the dead, than reputation of liuing  
Poetic. In both which, I am wilfully confident,  
to be confidently willing.

T. P.

A g

Resumptio.

## Resumptio.

— Cum tonat Ocyus Illex,  
Sulphure discutitur sacro quam tuque  
domusq̃.

T. P.



*Vertues due.*



He Sunne but now  
began to gather fire,  
And lay a sharper edge  
vpon his beames,  
Abated to the fulnesse  
of the yeere,  
As fretted with the salt  
of Neptunes steames,  
When blacke solemnity enuide anew,  
And soyld his face with a more precious dew:

Dew'd with the most religion of affection,  
Made soft in nature, and in Heraldry:  
The one accusing fate for his election:  
The other, weeping his seuerity  
Both from their Cyprus altars offering teares,  
Ynowe to make him aged in yong yeares.

B . It





*Vertues due.*

It was not for the gods *Arcadian* theft,  
When he drew dry their vdders milch-excesse,  
Nor for his mother *Pibias*, when she wept  
His rage, that earth malign'd his murrinesse.  
But, loe, affections law of like for like :  
It is our natures freedome to requite.

For he had lustre on his infant rayes,  
To blandish out the glory of his Spring,  
Rest from the falling Load-starre of our dayes,  
Whose motion was the musike which I sing;  
The measure of consent to all her sphere :  
Indeed she was the best in *Cynthia's* quiere.

She







*Vertues due.*

She was, (and so are loosers still in leeing,  
When they recount the worth of. what is lost)  
And is not. Cold remembrance euer freezing  
When it shall reade the story of what's past.  
Yet as she was, repeate for president  
More of succession, then griefs argument.

Was of her traytie. Eternities decreeing  
Did dedicate her in her parentage,  
Whose neere alliance askt as neere a beeing,  
And gently seal'd it on her virgin waxe:  
And so, for nature and election,  
Would Cynthia's self endeere her as her own.





*Vertues due.*

She gaue her ranke, respect, and full access,  
Agnizing her affinity and merit  
With fauours, graces after graciousnesse;  
Wherein she seem'd as if she did inherit  
The trust and dignities, which long before  
Her Honourable Ancestors did store.

Her parents honours did she extraduce  
Into her very disposition;  
As if the generall *Carey* were infusde  
And had no other formes of his diuision.  
Their ancient vnattainted loyalty  
Broad blow'ne, and flush vpon her infancy.

Yet



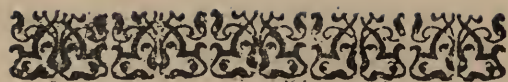


*Vertues due,*

Yet beauty was not onely of her blood:  
Her birth-day *Solstice* height vnto perfection,  
The Cantharis enuies a verdant bud,  
And birth does only counsaile to protection.  
So learnd she with the chāge of euery spring,  
To saue her blood with heedfull dyeting.

Her youth preferu'd it chaste with conuences;  
A virgin diet for the hore intention,  
Which might vnglosse his colour: adde expece,  
Both of the length & bredth of their dimension,  
But the example of her mariage bed,  
Were Oratory to perswade to wed.





*Vertues due.*

For after she had blest so many moones,  
As had *Africa*, when she wastransfixt;  
With more austericy, than that which crownes  
The Romane chastity, did she commixe  
Her birth, her blood, Nobility and name,  
To flowe more lofty in as rich veyne:

In *Howards* ample veynes; a Family  
Of eminence, deryu'd without dissent,  
From the first shield of all their Auncestry,  
To this of *Charles*, the latest Eminent: (pire,  
Whose fayth and fortunes may they ne're ex-  
But in a melting firmament of fire.

She.





*Vertues due.*

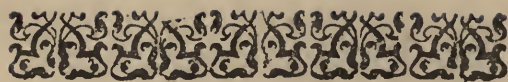
She wedded, yet she was a Votary,  
To minister in consecrated flame,  
And weare *Dianaes* bow, vpon her thigh,  
Till on a day of sanctified name, (bids,  
To store eche Nymph with shafts, the goddesse  
To fill her quiuers all with Poplar twigs,

That grew vpon a leuin, which the sea  
Had season'd thriftily within the shore:  
There *Neptune* fell in loue with *Momone*,  
That till this day ne're sawe the Nymph before,  
Ne're had his brest improou'd or softened,  
But like the temper of his Corall bed:

B 4

From





*V*ertues due.

From which he lately rissē to lay her in,  
And plac'd his Aggot wreath vpon her browes,  
Whose potent charmes *Diana* pardon'd him,  
And gaue her back the freedome of her vowes;  
So she might still be of her fayrie trayne,  
He war with *Saturnes* sonnes vpon the mayne.

And now, *Eliza*, with her wedlocke fate,  
Did wed her to a higher dignity.  
She kept the chayre that did suborne her state,  
And grac'd it like the blue-cyde *Cassiope*:  
She ne're surcharg'd ability with grace,  
But still her owne dimensions filld the place:

Wherein,





*Vertues due.*

Wherein this noble Lady *Katherine* seemd  
T'anticipate her Mistris bounteous hand,  
As if her offices were but redeemd  
From vnder meriting, and she did stand  
Alone, and vnencountred in her worth;  
One whom inheritance had called forth;

Or rather prouidence: for what she was,  
She was to others, through her selfe intended:  
Like to some interiected leafe of glasse, (ded,  
That breaks, yet heats, when neerer rayes offen-  
She was all Organs, euen to the mind,  
Whereby God did insinuate with mankind,

Her





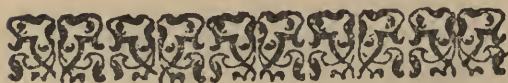


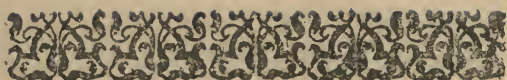
*Vertues due.*

Her whole mortality had this extent.  
She had affections of immortall sense :  
For she would pity much, and much relent :  
But the affect of greatest presidence  
    Over her nature, held no sinne to this;  
    To leaue apt good vndone, or doo't amisse.

The more they misse of her that are imbayd,  
And fortune fixt for want of sea and scope,  
Their burden with their sayle being overlayd :  
Vnlesse they Anchor all their after-hope,  
    They misse : alas, I write of that too soone,  
    And lend her liuing worth for grieffe to come :

Yet





*Vertues due.*

Yet liu'd she to outliue that old report,  
Which now againe our new worlds formes ap-  
That, there is no retiremēt in the court, (prouer  
Where there is much variety to moue,  
And steale away. O, there's no lif- like hers,  
That liu'd to bury her executers.

For softnesse neuer seyz'd her appetite,  
A bloodlesse lyuor liues not on his heat:  
Her resolution was *Proponticke* right,  
And forward stem'd against the Moones retreat.  
No change, no liberty, no ful-cyde pleasure  
Could bring deuotions musike out of mea-  
(sure.

*It*





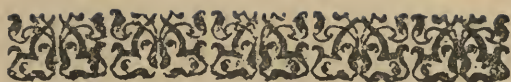
*Vertues due.*

It was for her, the million of her sexe,  
And calling, doe beside approue their kind;  
Whose story often read, as oft begets  
Opinion, that the sexe is so inclin'd,  
And calling, so disposed vnto good,  
As well in Courtship, as in woman-hood.

She was a woman; yet, not one of those  
Whose erogated heate conuerts to hate.  
It was her honour to forgiue her foes,  
Euen in their ebbe, and full distent of state.  
Alas, she would not take aduantage than,  
Lest she should trip the fraylty of lus man.

She





*Vertues due.*

She would not glory his humility,  
Nor actuate her old aggrecuances  
O're weake distresse, and present misery:  
Such conquest! O, tis base and honourlesse,  
For when I doe but second Fortunes stroke,  
I wound a heart that is already broke.

She was a Courtier too; but as a Starre  
Vnfixt, and like *Orion* in a streame;  
As free as featherd Faulcons in the ayre,  
Moon'd on no other line, but *Cymbia's* beame:  
Her freer spirit ne're was put in frame,  
Though she put on her self a Courtiers name,

For





*Vertues due.*

For she did hospitable bounty too,  
And euer kept her influence at home;  
Which euery Courtier vses not to doe,  
Why, she was nothing Courtier, nor her owne:  
Her light was made a Sea-marke to distresse,  
Where Fortunes wracks arry'd their needines.

In Court, no study that would apprehend,  
Or aske Religion of her duty more,  
Than, what *Eliza* gaue, might still commend  
Her most magnificence, and fountayne store:  
She was not like a Conduit-pipe fast by,  
To turne the streame, & leaue the channel dry.

How





*V*ertues due.

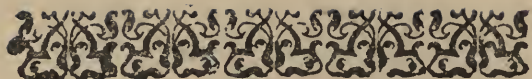
How many seruants of that Royall trayne  
Could the fresh image of her loue excite,  
To witnesse, she preferd *Elizæes* fame  
Aboue her priuate reputations height!  
She hated to be hyr'de to doe them good,  
Or begd to buy their merits, though she cou'd.

And yet did her contentment stretch it selfe  
More amply: Greatnesse was aboue her feare;  
A faith beyond the curse that followes wealth,  
Who euermore suspects eruptions neere,  
Whose chāge does chāge the state of their sub-  
And giues this duty to the next electiō. (lectiō;

Great







*Vertues duc.*

Great & secure! Me thinks, tis wondrous strange:  
But gracious not enuyde! Impossible;  
For discontent makes worth his Fret of change,  
And nos seruility it selfe speakes well  
Of Honourable birth or betterment:  
Respect, with him is feare; & feare, contempt.

I know not how respect came ouer all;  
But the most humble did admire her most:  
A branch of ranke loue turnd to prodigall:  
Such loue is still exhaust, or ouerflowes.  
He learne ye how she did diuert their hate:  
Shè made her selfe as humble as their state.

The







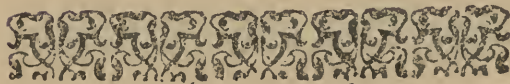
*Vertues due.*

The lyst of all her vertues had a name  
Of greater reuerence, than had the rest,  
Religion. Tis a sessions to arraigne,  
Detect, and bring our actions to the test.  
And where that list was slack, remisse, & loose,  
Assure ye, it was frailty extradus'de.

She had no other principles (God wot)  
Whereby to leuell and conforme her life:  
All was not honest that was lawfully got:  
She would not by iniustice compasse right;  
Nor vnde to say, Tis *Caesar* answeres all;  
So thou referueto stand, may kingdomes fall.

*C*

*Her*





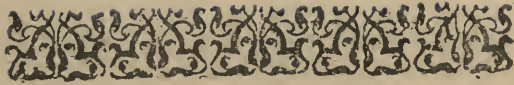
*Vertues due.*

Her life was but a modell imitation,  
Drawne with the freshest colours instance had  
In holy writ, which gaue it approbation;  
They were her essence (therefore could not fade)  
Like colour layd in wine: her Lenten blacke  
Did sit, like Nessus shirt vpon her backe.

At this perfection and maturity,  
She stood in natures frayle adoption heere,  
When heauen would vouchsafe her first to be  
A mother, and her vertues to appeare  
In propagated noblesse of a sonne,  
That layd his roote as far as she begunne,

That





*Vertues due.*

That first, *L. William* was of *Esffingham*,  
A Barony, that field and Knighthood earnd  
With sweating spurs, when heraldry detaignd  
His hardiment. O, 'twere a sight to learne,  
And put ambitious fire in any Swayne,  
To see Nobility so dearly gaynd.

Heauen was delighted in his workmanship,  
And now became more bountious of his breath,  
Which sweld her womb to be more fruitful yet,  
Deriu'd a second labors where she left,  
A second blessing, and a *Charter* beside;  
For Honours lofty bed did open wide.

C 2

A third





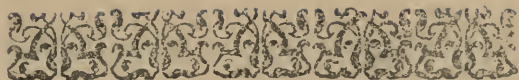
*Vertues due.*

A third. Inuention, giue me backe, my selfe  
Deuided. All my numbers keepe consent,  
And with my soule my stiles ambition melt.  
Eche sinew of our duty be attent;  
Forget the funerall state and maiesty,  
And prostitution wholly summon me.

Call her by any epithite exprest  
In vertues Inuentory; nay discourse  
Her mothers life : see with what liuelinesse  
She does infert it, freely, and vnforc'd.  
Be she the noble Countesse of *Kildare*,  
Or *Cobhams* Baronesse; shee's wondrous faire,

A





*Vertues due.*

A next. The Lady *Southwell*: here I shew'd  
Confound my methode with a plentifull wayne  
Of great deuotion, and of wyddowhood:  
But my more free propolements are restraynd,  
To shew the lost, their last similitude,  
To which the Lady *Lusson* much accrede.

Here, happinesse did floate at all the lyne:  
This day accounted for the greatest debt,  
That grace and goodest Stars could her assigne:  
And till this day her circle neuer met;  
Now was her happinesse so satisfide, (side.  
She knew not what her wish might adde be-



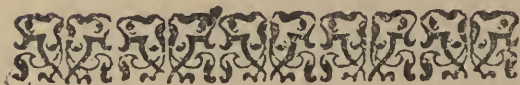


*Vertues due.*

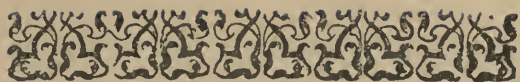
Contentment crownd her streight beyond the  
And roughest oppositions in her birth; (mayne,  
The weeping *Crocodile*, the *Syrens* strayne,  
And all the Delinitions that inuert  
Our, Fye, what ist that we can call our owne?  
She past the seas, & shipwrackt here at home

Within the hauen. Now, it was disposd  
With heavenly wisdom, to the best of vses.  
So, we are wise, to purchase from our foes,  
T'enrich the sea with that which land abuses.  
We doe secure vs in their feebled store.  
Securenesse hurts least, when it is most poore.

The



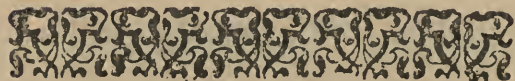




*Vertues due.*

The goodnesse of the Highest left her not:  
For *Neptune*, conquering *Argo* vnarriu'd,  
Mutt disimbark the golden Fleece she brought,  
In her owne hauē to be stellifyde,  
And seeme about her weeping Marble sphere,  
To swimme as free in heauen, as she did heere.

'Twas onely in her wishes now to dye,  
When as her fulnesse fear'd to be o're-ioyd;  
Like those that surfet of society,  
And yet their surquedry is ever voyd:  
These haue their fulnesse so intemperate,  
Nothing refreshes, till it suffocate.



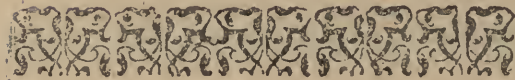


*Vertues due.*

She would not haue her Sumer beames to light  
Vpon the rancke, and thrifty slyme beneath,  
Where honours heat begets the parasite,  
And other monstrous shapes, that wil bequeath  
Vnto their *Cesar*, *Iones* owne heritage,  
And swell his greatnesse into arrogance.

She fear'd that such shuld know her to be great.  
She knew her greatnesse was superlatiue.  
Nature, and grace, and stars their rest had set,  
And euery opposition left to strue,  
She wanted nothing of felicity,  
But free commision to desist and dyc.

She

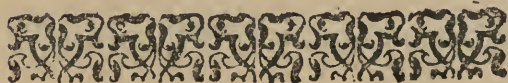


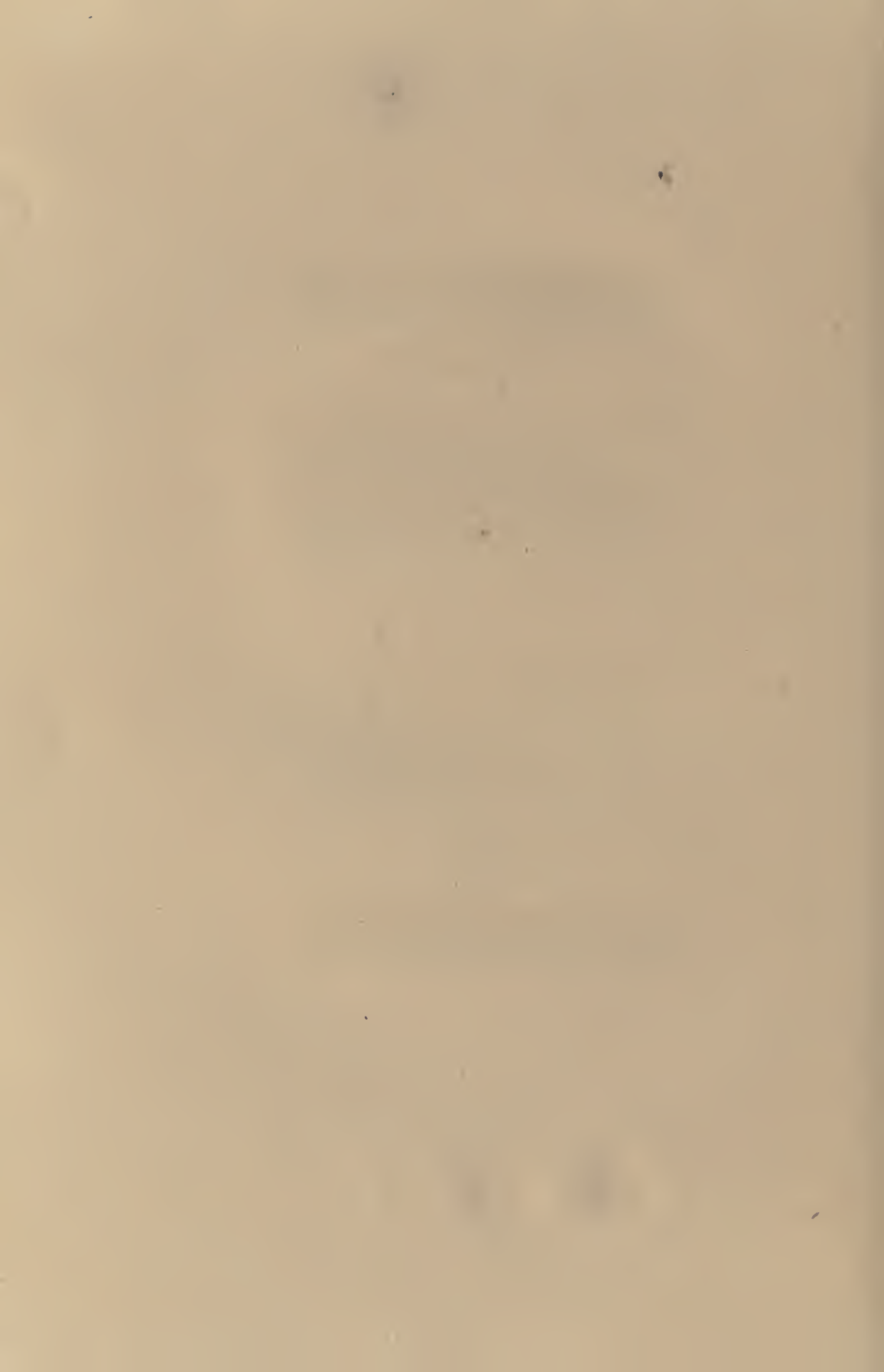


*Vertues duc.*

She prayd it, and preuented constant fate,  
That would not her delight shuld see her sweat  
Out of conuerse familiar, and innate.  
Ioy, longer then tis fresh, is not compleat:  
But like to Times owntunes, that rauish not,  
Because they iyg'd it, when we were begot.

This burthen would be fayne deliuered,  
When she had reckon'd to maturity,  
Appealing from the Moone that followed,  
The eyght, which mortals call an enemy  
Vnto conception. Fate and she complyde,  
And in a seuen-fold happinesse she dyde.







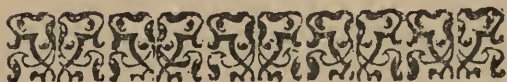
## *The Offering.*

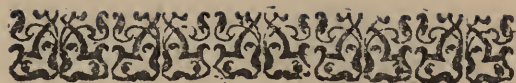


Hou that ow'st this breathles beau-  
Mistris of the dayes deuotion, (ty,  
And her blackest rites of duty,  
Guyd'st her timeles, tuncles motiō:  
O! I would not leaue thee yet,  
Till I see thy Searements fit.

Thou, that art complexion carelesse,  
Let affections armes vnfold,  
After last imbracings durelesse,  
And vpon the hallowedst mold,  
Lett for monumentall vse,  
By thy iust extensure chuse.

If





*Vertues due.*

If the earth deny thee rest,  
Like the soule that lyes so soft  
In her groning, grieued brest,  
Shalt thou there be buried oft.  
Earth affords no freer Toombe;  
None so wide as sorrowes wombe.

There in stead of balme confection,  
Righteous teares, and season'd sighing  
Sprinkle o're thy ceast complexion,  
Till they seale thy searements plighting.  
Gratefull odours be about thee:  
Truce within, and teares without thee.

Next,







*Vertues due.*

Next, for Scuchions o're thy herse.  
I that truly would display thee,  
Offer vp this sacred verse,  
VVith the greatest zeale that may be:  
Though thy Herald, length they lacke,  
Yet our Scuchionstaues are blacke.

Leafe by leafe, be open wide;  
Speake to all that passe this way,  
That they part not from thy side,  
Till they read, and reading pray.  
May this story neuer fade,  
Till thy soule be quicke conuayd.

**Angels**





*The offering.*

Angels with their musike charmes  
All vnknowne malignity;  
Drowne the midnights hye allarme,  
When the sacring summons be:  
Let not her vnhalloved breath  
Enter in thy house of death.

Spirits sanctifide secure thee  
All corruption quite be spent.  
Let thy natures workes assure thee  
Consummation imminent.  
Though thou left'st them all behind thee,  
Yet their merits there refine thee.

Workes

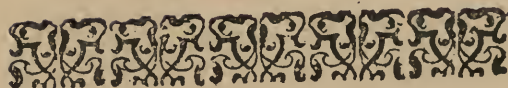
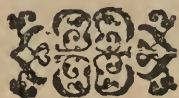




*The offering.*

Workes and fayth thy soule conuay,  
On a heauen-deuiding wing.  
Let deuotion reade and pray.  
Saints and ministring Angels sing.  
All, with natures latest debt,  
Wype away thy Marbles sweat.

FINIS.



PR 1125  
R6  
1881







